

Rishma Dunlop

Psalm

In the city where I live
A man is arrested for abducting and
Butchering a ten-year-old girl.

Tonight it rains and I walk
On streets that reek
Of rust and pitch.

Petitions to any god are uncertain.
The sky is spread with vast wings of lead.
No oracular assurance from the pulpits.

Still I pray
Words coming like blood on the mouth.
That the sweet taste be taken from the violent thought
That in the birdless hours
The mother and father of the ten-year-old girl
Will be granted dreamless sleep
That the lachrymal salt of this rain
Will become original milk.

